

## ALL ABOUT THE DOLLYS

By F. C. SCHANG.

**O**VIOUSLY the thing to ask the Dolly Sisters is, How closely do they find the arts of the theatre and of the dance merged in one another? Or, to put it differently, How closely do they find the arts of the theatre and of the dance NOT merged in one another? Again, Do they feel that the two arts are identical, and if so, in what respect? Or, Do they feel that the two arts are not identical, and if so, in what respect?

These and other questions will immediately occur to persons to whom questions are in the habit of immediately occurring. They are at the very basis of the whole thing. Inasmuch as the Dollys are dancers of long experience and deserved repute, and inasmuch as they are now making their debuts as actresses in "His Bridal Night," they are fitted to discuss such weighty matters. Any one who thinks they are not eager to discuss these or any other questions for the public good is greatly mistaken.

It was some twenty minutes before the performance that the stage manager knocked on the door of the Dollys' dressing room, saying, "A newspaper man to see you, girls."

"A newspaper man! Let him in!" was the fresh, flattering and spontaneous response.

The Misses Dolly were in the throes of beautification, each being enveloped in an attractive Japanese kimono and armed with the formidable implements of a toilette.

"Do you mind answering a few questions?" asked the caller, and thereupon he put the queries.

"Do you realize that we are the first girls to make our debuts as stars?" demanded one Miss Dolly, who later was identified as Yancsi.

"And that we hardly know the language?" added Roszika.

"Fancy two foreign girls coming to a strange country with a strange language, and in two years being stars," put in Yancsi.

"I wonder what you Americans want from us," continued Roszika. "Here we have the very hardest kind of parts, which require that, besides acting like ourselves, we have to act like each other."

"Do you know that every sister act in the country was asked to try these parts, and they all failed?" observed Yancsi.

"I think we are doing splendid for a start," said Roszika, "and Mr. Woods is perfectly satisfied."

"Next year he is going to put us in a play written specially for us," chirped Yancsi.

"And the parts are going to be totally different," continued Roszika.

"So that no one can say we were engaged just because we look alike," supplemented Yancsi.

"Besides," contributed Roszika, "I don't think our friends are so particular about our acting. They just want to hear us talk."

"I get lots of letters from people asking me to take tea with them, just so they can hear me talk," said Roszika.

"Anyway, we've always danced," continued Yancsi. "How do they expect us to learn anything about acting in musical comedy or up at the Midnight Frolic?"

Feeling sure that the artistic possibilities of the interview had been exhausted, the caller at this point en-

deavored to swerve the conversation into other channels.

"One of the critics," he said, "stated that one of you girls should start in to reduce. He intimated that you are getting fat. Which of you did he mean?"

"Wow!"

"That was a nice thing for him to say, wasn't it?" demanded Yancsi furiously. Roszika sat on the edge of a lounge demurely powder-puffing her flawless cheek.

"I'm just two pounds heavier than Rosie," continued Yancsi, heatedly, "and it's because I have to wear more clothes. You see, I have to dispose of a second before the audience. So naturally I must wear more undergarments. I can show you I must wear this, and this, and this, and they all make me look bigger. But it is not so, is it, Rosie?"

Rosie said it wasn't, or maybe she said it was. That particular moment is not very clear. In fact, not very much more is clear. The girls said they were twins, and that whoever spread the report that they weren't was playing them an unprofessional trick. They said they didn't know any way to tell them apart, and that often their husbands are puzzled. Once Mack Sennett, the estimable Keyston, who knows only Roszika, went up and embraced Yancsi by mistake. "I felt so foolish," said Yancsi. Even Mr. Woods can't tell 'em apart.

On the walls were pinned the 350 telegrams which the girls received. About every theatrical manager and every actor in the world, it seems, sent the Dollys a telegram. The Western Union opened a branch office in the lobby of the Republic Theatre that night. Charles Dillingham sent two, and they are the ones the girls are proudest of.

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the photoplay which won the Lasky-Columbus scenario contest, is being made at the Lasky studios, with Fannie Ward as the star. It will eventually be shown at the Strand.

Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" is to be a film. Ernest Truex once expressed the desire to have a play made out of it for his own use, but nothing came of it except the desire. The film people, however—the Famous Players, to be precise—are going further. Jack Pickford, brother of Mary, will play William Sylvester Baxter and Louise Huff will be the little sister.

B. A. Rolfe has retired as manager of the Strand, after occupying the position since the theatre opened. He has been succeeded by Harold Edel.

An interesting film event of the week

was the acquisition by William Fox of a large section of Fourteenth Street, upon which he will build a motion picture house. It will have a seating capacity of about 5,000—one of the largest picture theatres in the world and certainly the largest in the city. The site is across from the Academy of Music, embracing the old Dewey Theatre and adjacent property. The lease is for forty-two years, the total rental being about \$2,000,000.

Mr. Fox's profitable experiences with the Academy of Music and the City Theatre, both of which are on Fourteenth Street, have convinced him that the Street of Tammany is a wonderful film proposition.

"The Heir to the Hoorah," Paul Armstrong's ten-year-old success, is being made into gelatine with Thomas Meighan and Anita King in the principal roles.

Lenore Ulrich is said to be back on Broadway, although a search of that thoroughfare fails to disclose her.

Anne Pennington, "Follies" dancer, is posing in a circus film, "The Rainbow Princess."

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